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PARROT & CO.

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Battle.

Mallow spun around, stared for a moment, then grinned evilly. "Here's our crow at last, Craig."

"Speaking of birds of ill-repute, the crow passed his admiration to the kite and the vulture," Warrington spoke coolly.

"Hey, boy, the chit!" called Mallow. "No, no," protested Warrington; "by all means finish the game. I've all the time in the world."

Mallow looked at Craig, who scowled back. He was beginning to grow weary at the sight of Warrington, bobbing up here, bobbing up there, always with a subtle menace.

"What's the odds?" said Mallow jovially. "Only twenty points to go. Your shot."

Craig chalked his cue and scored a run of five. Mallow ran three, missed and swore amiably. Craig got the balls into a corner and finished his string.

"That'll be five pounds," he said. "And fifty quid for me," added Warrington, smiling, though his eyes were as blue and hard as Arctic ice.

"I'll see you comfortably broiled in hell," replied Mallow, as he tossed five sovereigns to Craig. "Now, what else is on your mind?"

Warrington took out the cigar-band and exhibited it. "I found that in my room last night. You're one of the few Mallow, who smoke them out here. He was a husky Chinese, but not husky enough. Makes you turn a bit yellow; eh, Craig, you white-livered cheat?"

You almost got my money-belt, but almost is never quite. The letter of credit is being released. It might have been robbery; it might have been just devilry; just for the sport of breaking a man. Anyhow, you didn't succeed. Suppose we take a little jaunt out to where they're building the new German Lloyd dock? There'll be no one working at this time of day. Plenty of shade."

For a moment the click of the balls on the other tables was the only sound. Craig broke the tableau by reaching for his glass of whiskey, which he emptied. He tried to assume a nonchalant air, but his hand shook as he replaced the glass on the table. It rolled off to the floor and tinkled into pieces.

"Nerves a bit rocky, eh?" Warrington laughed sardonically.

"You're screaming in the wrong jungle, Parrot, old top," said Mallow, who, as he did not believe in ghosts, was physically not morally afraid of anything. "Though, you have my word for it that I'd like to see you lose every cent of your damned oil fluke."

"Don't doubt it."

But Mallow went on, "If you're wanting a little argument that doesn't require pencils or voices, why, you're contained. Over and over she conned the set phrases she was going to say when finally he came. Whenever Martha approached, Elsa told her that she wanted nothing, that she was head-a-chie, and wanted to be left alone. Directly Martha vanished.

To prevent the possibility of missing Warrington, Elsa had engaged the room boy to follow her down stairs and to report to her the moment Warrington arrived. The boy came patting up at a quarter to six.

"He come. He downside. I go, he come topside."

"No. That will be all."

The boy kowtowed, and Elsa gave him a sovereign.

The following ten minutes tested her patience to the utmost. Presently she heard the beginning of a trunk-lid. He was there. And now that he was there, she, who had always taken pride in her lack of feminine nerves, found herself in the grip of a panic that verged on hysteria. Her heart fluttered and missed a beat. It had been so easy to plan! She was afraid. Perhaps the tension of waiting all those hours was the cause. With an angry gesture she strove to dismiss the feeling of trepidation by walking resolutely to her door. Outside she stopped.

What was she going to say to him? The trembling that struck at her knees was wholly a new sensation. Presently the tremor died away, but it left her weak. She stepped toward his door and knocked gently on the jamb. No answer. She knocked again. Louder.

"Come in!"

"It wouldn't be proper," she replied, with a flash of her old-time self. "Won't you please come out?"

She heard something click as it struck the floor. (It was Warrington's cutty which he had carried for seven years, now in smithereens). She saw a hand, raw knuckled and bleeding slightly, catch at the curtain and swing it back rattling upon its hinges.

"Miss Chetwood?" he said.

"Yes . . . Oh, you've been hurt!" she exclaimed, noting the gash upon his forehead. A strip of tissue-paper (in lieu of court-plaster) lay soaking upon the wound; a trick learned in the old days when razors grew dull over night.

"Hurt? Oh, I ran against something when I wasn't looking," he explained lamely. Then he added eagerly: "I did not know that you were on this gallery. First time I've put up at a hotel in years." It did not serve.

"You have been fighting! Your hand!"

He looked at the hand dumbly. How keen her eyes were.

"I know!"

"You do?" inquired.

"Was it . . . Mallow?"

"Yes."

"Did you . . . whip him?"

"I . . . did," imitating her tone and hesitance. It was the wisest thing he could have done, for it relaxed the nerves of both of them.

Elsa smiled, and forgot the substance of all her rehearsals, forgot the letter of credit, warm with the heat of her heart. "I am a pagan," she confessed.

"And I am a barbarian. I ought to be horribly ashamed of myself."

deavored to grapple, but always that left stopped him. Warrington played for his face, and to each jab he added a taunt. "That for the little Cingalese!" "Count that one for Wheedon's broken knees!" "And wouldn't San admire that? Remember her? The little Japanese girl whose thumbs you broke?" "Here's one for me!" It was not dignified; but Warrington stubbornly refused to look back upon this day either with shame or regret. Jab, jab, cut and slash! went the left. There was no more mercy in the midst of it than might be found in the sleek felines who stalked the jungles north. Doggedly Mallow fought on, hoping for his chance. He tried every trick he knew, but he could only get so near. The ring was as wide as the world; there were no corners to make grappling a possibility.

Some of his desperate blows got through. The bezel of his ring laid open Warrington's forehead. He was brave enough; but he began to realize that this was not the same man he had turned out into the night four years ago. And the pain and ignominy he had forced upon others was now being returned to him. Warrington would have prolonged the battle had he not seen Craig getting dizzy to his feet. It was time to end it. He feinted swiftly. Mallow, expecting a body-blow, dropped his guard. Warrington, as he struck, felt the bones in his hand crack. Mallow went over, upon his back, fairly lifted off his feet. He was tough; an ordinary man would have died.

"I believe that squares accounts," said Warrington, speaking to Craig. "If you hear of me in America, in Europe, anywhere, keep away from the places I'm likely to go. Tell him," with an indifferent jerk of his head toward the insensible Mallow, "tell him that I give him that fifty pounds with the greatest good pleasure. Sorry I can't wait."

He trotted back to his rickshaw, wiped the blood from his face, put on his hat and coat, and ordered the respectful coolie to hurry back to town. He never saw Mallow or Craig again. The battle itself became a hazy incident. In life, affairs of this order generally have abrupt endings.

And all that day Elsa had been waiting patiently to hear sounds of him in the next room. Never could she recall such long weary hours. Time and again she changed a piece of ribbon, a bit of lace, and twice she changed her dress, all for the purpose of making the hours pass more quickly. She had gone down to luncheon, but Warrington had not come in. After luncheon she had sent out for half a dozen magazines. Beyond the illustrations she never knew what time it was. Over and over she conned the set phrases she was going to say when finally he came. Whenever Martha approached, Elsa told her that she wanted nothing, that she was head-a-chie, and wanted to be left alone. Directly Martha vanished.

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FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

SIXTIETH INSTALLMENT. (Thursday Morning, March 14, 1861.)

The Dallas Connection. We have received a private letter from another friend in Dallas, who speaks enthusiastically of the proposed railroad connection between Yorkville and that place. He says that it is the object of the Gaston people to

tucky. The citizens of Greenville and of Spartanburg entertain a like desire; and the extension of the Greenville and Columbia railroad, and of the Spartanburg and Union road, is perhaps only a question of time, and not of importance. The "Western Extension" with a destined termination at Rutherford, is designed to divert trade from Charleston via Yorkville, and to feed Washington via Charlotte. The latter town is rapidly outstripping us in prosperity. Why? Because it is alive to the incalculable importance of railroads. Charlotte is thrusting forth these magic conductors of trade in every direction; and they enlarge her business as naturally as the innumerable rivulets of the mountains swell the majestic current of the Broad or the Catawba.

The practical question for Yorkville and York district to decide now, is, whether they will suffer the present opportunity of promoting their welfare to slip through their fingers. The neighboring towns are competing with each other for the mountain trade. Shall we let it go without an effort on our part? Dallas desires a connection with Yorkville. Her road would be valueless if it terminated at the line. Her people are now aroused. The acquisition of their charter by Mr. White was a bit of unlooked-for good fortune. All they lack now in Gaston is the hearty co-operation of our citizens. We sincerely hope that they

Miscellaneous Reading.

INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

Money Power Controls Weal and Woe Without Showing Its Hand.

A few days ago there appeared in that standard Republican organ, the Washington Post, the following special dispatch:

"Pittsburgh, June 13.—Before leaving this city Henry C. Frick, in an interview, blamed business depression on 'too much tariff, too much legislation and the administration's attitude toward big business generally.' The financial situation, he believed, is sound.

"The president is a fine gentleman personally, but too impractical for the presidency. He made a good schoolmaster, has a splendid command of English and has good personal traits."

I presume this is the same Mr. Frick who, in company with Judge Gary, titular head of the steel monopoly, descended from the precincts of Mammon in New York upon this town in 1907 and at the hour of midnight gained speech with the Republican president of the United States, whom he cajoled or bullied into granting indulgence to the steel trust to absorb its chief competitor, the Tennessee Coal and Iron company.

In those days we had invisible government.

Nobody could challenge the thing except the attorney general of Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet, and I bet a million the invisible government that I speak of put that provision in the law. Mr. Roosevelt's attorney general was the most subservient and hypocritical cabinet officer an American president ever had and the steel trust was safe from prosecution. I opine the thing is fortified by the statute of limitations by this time.

While Woodrow Wilson is president there will be no invisible government to give him orders. The people should give him a chance. That is all he asks.—Savoyard.

Abou Ben Adhem. Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase). Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold: Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said: "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And, with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low, But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great awakening light, And showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed— And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION

Porfirio Diaz Sold Mexican People to the Highest Bidder.

In considering the objects of the Mexican revolution, we must first understand what kind of people are revolting. In Mr. Hamilton Pyke's interesting book, "The Real Mexico," he says that this is a revolution of the middle-class, because Francisco Madero led it. This is a gross misstatement of facts. There is no Mexican middle class. Eighty per cent of the population are peasants, aristocrats and Mexican landowners of almost pure Spanish blood. The remaining ten per cent consists of professionals and foreign ideas and foreign employers.

The revolution is simply and purely a revolution of the peasants, which has continued more or less intermittently for 400 years, and in this particular outbreak was described and predicted ten years before Madero ever thought of leading it.

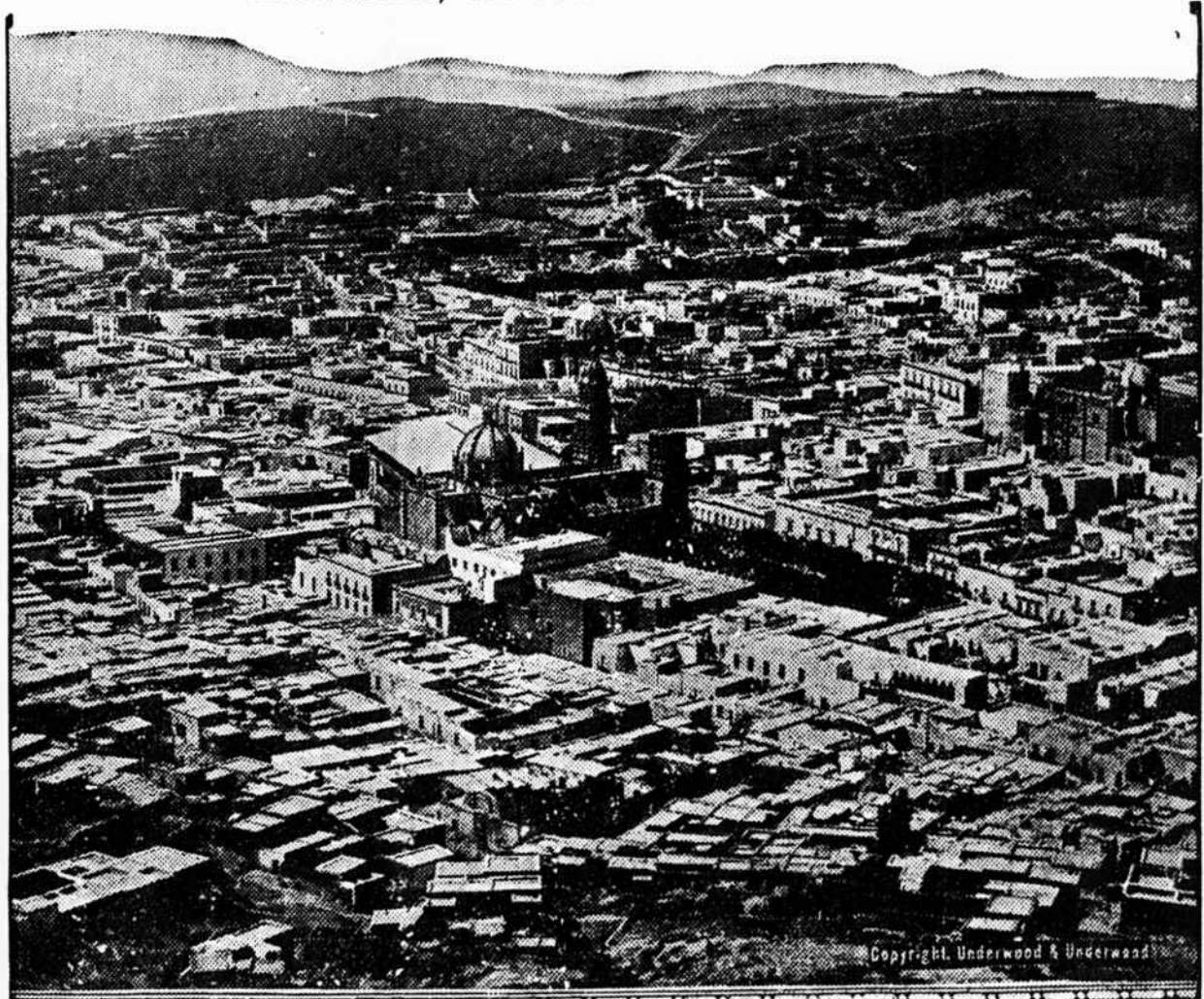
You will say that if eighty per cent of the population opposed only ten per cent for the middle class, except for individuals, has taken no part in the revolution, it is strange that they couldn't get what they wanted, says the Metropolitan Magazine.

But the peasants were not opposed by only ten per cent of the Mexican people. They were opposed by the entire civilized world. Porfirio Diaz systematically looted the Mexican people for thirty-five years. In the first place, he and the clerical party which surrounded him, sold the National resources of the Republic to foreigners on the pretext that foreign capital was needed to develop the country, and pocketed the prize. In other words, President Diaz sold the Mexican people to the highest bidder.

But, after all, the cheating of the people out of their rights and their national heritage did not rankle so deeply and so long as did the stealing of their lands. Slowly and methodically, the great estates created originally by the Spanish land grants absorbed the communal fields around the villages, the open ranges and the small farms. By the land law of 1896, passed by the influence of Diaz himself, all lands in the Republic not secured by legal title were thrown open to denunciation by anyone who wished; and since most of the small farms were worked by peons whose families had worked them some times for four generations, without any question of their tenure—too illiterate to have heard of titles—there was an easy job for the land-grabbers. With the aid of Federal soldiers thousands of peons were evicted from their homes, with no choice left but to become virtual slaves of the hacendados, and no hope for the future. For instance, in the San Carlos district, Chihuahua state, 400 farmers were ordered to leave their homes by Don Luis Terrazas, who already owned 15,000,000 acres of land. When they refused to do so, two regiments of soldiers were sent against them, and they were shot down in cold blood. It could give twenty such cases, but the battle of San Carlos was "the shot heard round the world." The news traveled all over the Republic like lightning, and five years later the government of Porfirio Diaz fell forever.

Denmark is said to have the most comprehensive system of unemployment insurance of any country of Europe.

ZACATECAS, CAPTURED BY VILLA'S ARMY



A bird's-eye view of Zacatecas, the city against which General Villa hurled his army, driving out the federalists under General Barron. Zacatecas has been considered the last remaining barrier between the rebels and Mexico City.

A very primitive custom of the natives of the Bering and Arctic coasts of Siberia, a custom that has come down from generations of savage ancestors, when the Eskimos select their wives.

When the sun moves southward at the end of the short summer season, and the ice closes up the northern seas, the whales come down to open water. Then in celebration of the season's catch, the ice dwellers assemble for the whale dance, which lasts twenty-one days.

The great dance circle is prepared, and in the centre the dancers, both male and female, perform the most savage of evolutions and motions to the accompaniment of rhythmic beating of the tom-toms and weird chanting. The dance songs tell of the prowess of the hunters and of the history of the tribe. The movements of the women are surprisingly graceful, and they mean to show in their dance that, as daughters of a great people, they are possessed of all the qualities such women should have.

The men execute pantomimic scenes of the hunt, and go through all the motions of the kill; they spear the ice bear, slay the walrus and seal, and finally, with extraordinary contortions, vanquish the mighty whale.

During the last days of the feast, when the time arrives for the selection of husbands and wives, the man performs his manly deed before the eyes of the women. In pantomime he promises to provide her generously with the fruit of the hunt, both food and fur. If she is pleased with him, she walks out and dances her acceptance, and shows how she will look after the igloo. When they have danced before each other, they are married after the custom of the tribe, and he leads her off to his walrus-hide lodge.

During the dance they feast on whale. The skin of the balen whale is about an inch thick, and looks like rubber. The solid blubber between it and the true flesh is usually about fourteen inches thick. The black skin and the blubber, the latter cut to the thickness of the former, is called muktuk, and although it sounds repulsive to the civilized ear, is most palatable. It has a flavor something like that of chestnuts.—Youth's Companion.

Stung.—London reports the discovery of the meanest man of whom there is any record. This Englishman has just been divorced from his wife—for what, do you guess? Wrong. You couldn't guess it in a week of Sundays. The mean fellow carried live bees around in his pockets. Every time his wife went to examine his pockets to see if they needed mending—or for other reasons—any just look—she was stung. Unable to endure such treatment, she secured a divorce. She felt that one of the most ancient of wifely duties—and privileges that of inspecting the bottom of her husband's pockets—was not only interfered with, but was made a method of torture. The man, of course, argued that he had a right to carry what he pleased in his pockets—but the granting of the divorce would seem like a denial of this right. So men may begin to ponder this question: What may a man rightfully carry in his pockets?—Exchange.

We are aware that some of our citizens prefer a railroad to Shelby. Granting this preference to be judicious—and of this we have our doubts—the thing is at present impracticable. It requires concert of action to build a railroad of any length; and no one is dreaming of a road to Shelby at the present juncture. It is farther, too, to this town than to Dallas and a road thither would cost much more money. The people of Shelby have no charter for a road to the line, and are not offering us the least co-operation. It is doubtful if they wanted one, whether they could push a charter through the North Carolina legislature. The question then is, not which is preferable, a road to Shelby or one to Dallas; but whether a road to Dallas is desirable at all. Of this there can be but one opinion.

The Columbia and Charlotte road, and the South Carolina road are both deeply interested in the consummation of this enterprise. For this reason they are likely to take stock in the road, if it is not all secured beforehand by individual subscriptions. We design enlarging upon this idea in a future article.

Married.—On the 7th inst., by Rev. S. L. Watson, Mr. S. M. Fewell and Miss R. E. Barnett, all of this district. (To be Continued.)

HER LIONS KILLED HER FIANCE



This is Mlle. Adgie Castillo, a vaudeville performer, seated on one of the trained lions which a few days ago killed her fiance, Emerson Dietrich. The man, who was a college graduate, was Mlle. Castillo's manager and was ambitious to become an animal trainer. He entered the lions' cage in a freight car at Chicago, and they attacked and killed him.